

# In the World of Sport.

GOSSIP ABOUT MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FRATERNITY.

**BOISE** is to have a base ball team; it will be organized this week. The club will petition the Rapid Transit company for a park on its beautiful grounds to be properly fenced and laid out with a diamond. Boise, Weiser, Caldwell, Nampa, Mountain Home, Shoshone, Bellevue, Hailey and Pocatello will form what is to be known as the Southern Idaho Base Ball League. Boise has been dead for sport some time, and the hope of a good ball team in connection with the proposed league arrangement is a source of great satisfaction to many. It is probable that a convention of all the clubs in Southern Idaho will be called soon to organize into a league.

In a recent number of the *Chicago Horseman* is published a letter from Louisville, Ky., in which reference as follows is made to the horses now in training there owned by S. E. Larrabee of Deer Lodge:

"One of the most prominent stables here is that of Eastin & Larrabee, which is in the hands of that expert trainer, Doc Morris. Morris is a trainer who has often been accused of being the slowest man that ever undertook to fit a horse for a race, but it is worthy of notice that whenever he sends a horse to a post he is right up to a race. His intelligent handling of High Tariff and Post Scout last year will forever mark him among horsemen as a careful and successful trainer.

"The following is a list of horses now being trained by Mr. Morris: Michael, ch. c. 4, by Imp. Glen Athol—Verbena; Post Scout, b. c. 4, by Longfellow—Gypsy; Carlsbad, b. c. 5, by Imp. Glen Athol—Lady Wayward; Lake Breeze, b. f. 3, by Leonatus—Eva S.; General Miller, b. c. 3, by Falsetto—Hypatia; Decapod, b. c. 2, by Sir Modred—Christine; Julia K., b. f. 2, by George Kinney—Julia L.; Gypsy Girl, ch. f. 2, by Sir Modred—Gypsy; Alice Brand, ch. f. 3, by Hindoo—Lady of the Lake; St. Cuyler, ch. c. 2, by St. Blaise—dam by Baden-Baden; Teddy, ch. c. 2, by Regent—Ordnance; Halma, b. f. 2, by Hindoo; King Leo, b. c. 2, by Leonatus.

"This is the string that Mr. Morris will take out on the circuit this season, and there are some very promising ones among them. Of the lot Post Scout is the best, with the possible exception of Michael, of whom Mr. Morris is not yet quite certain as to how he will stand training. But of Post Scout there can be no question as to his stamina and quality. He has rounded into his four-year-old form a model Longfellow. He has shown more improvement in the last year than generally seen even in the get of that sire, whose colts are rarely ever fully developed before they are four-year-olds. Post Scout is entered in the Suburban handicap at an impost of 118 pounds, and will start if everything goes well with him. He showed speed and staying qualities last year that marked him as a first-class colt, and he gives promise of being a much better as four-year-old than as a three-year-old.

Eas tin & Larrabee have several of their two-year-olds entered in the stakes of the spring meeting here. Teddy and Decapod are entered in the Alexander stakes, and Gypsy Girl and Julia K. in the Hurlbourne. The latter is a half sister to Post Scout and a filly of rare promise. Her trainer is sweet on her, and expects to win a number of times with her this year. The colt Decapod, mentioned above, is a half brother to the lamented High Tariff, and Mr. Morris thinks he is about as good as that unfortunate colt was."

It is astonishing how many great sires have had an uncommon epoch in their lives. We all have heard how Leamington II., now known as Stratford, was unearthed in the possession of a blacksmith at Belleville, Ont., and now it appears that the father of a great family, Eolus, was at one time in his life in equally as humble circumstances. The story is told by the smart writer of "A Trainer's Notes" in the *New York Tribune*, who says: "Eolus carries his 24 years lightly. He has become lazy and will not exercise himself, so he gets regular work every day. He is a powerful animal and is of the same pattern as Eon, but not so great in height. He is a bay. His back is slightly swayed, but he looks as if he were good for several years yet. Eolus was lost for several years, as Governor Bowie of Maryland sold him for \$500 to a trader, and Captain Hancock advertised for him in vain, and tried in every way to find him. One day an enquirer wrote to a New York paper for the pedigree of Eolus, and the horse was found. He had been in Delaware and was bred to common mares during the time of his disappearance. Capt. Hancock traded Seatelock, his half-brother, for him, as the Delaware farmers wanted to breed to something else. Capt. Hancock has made over \$50,000 through the get of Eolus, the horse which Delaware farmers did not want to breed to. Eolus, St. Saviour, Eolus, Edo, Eon, Eurus, Eolion, Knight of Hlertie, Diablo, Russell and many others have sprung from his loins, and he has laid to produce many more good ones."

Two days before the Maher and Fitzsimmons battle a well-known local patron of the many art made the following interesting statement to the writer. The speaker is an acknowledged authority, and his statement may now be read with interest. He said:

"Many people think Maher will win, but can give no reason for their opinion, and it is the same with many people who think Fitzsimmons will win. Now, an opinion without a reason is worth nothing. I am told that Don McCaffrey says Maher will win. Why, McCaffrey says Maher will win just because he says so. I saw that go, and Dempsey got the verdict simply because he kept Don running after him all the time, and when a man is running around like that he gets off his defense. This was the case with McCaffrey and Dempsey reached him. Fitzsimmons can do this with Maher if he finds he cannot beat him by standing up. Maher will then be soon at the mercy of a good man, and when the tide turns and Maher is busy trying to get his head out of the way he will make a sorry show. Maher has not had time to be a good boxer. It requires a long time to develop pugilistic powers to a high degree. Maher is a slugger and a rusher, and that is all right only when everything is plain sailing.

"And let me say that men like Billy Madden must know that Maher cannot win, and you can rest assured that Madden has money bet on Fitzsimmons and will win, no matter which man loses."

Peter Jackson quietly left our shores for England to get ready for his proposed contest with Slavin on May 30. Peter's stock has gone wonderfully down in the United States during the last year or two. His star has been on the wane ever since he failed to defeat Corbett in his miserable affair and particularly since Corbett has made such poor efforts at fighting. For the life of me I cannot see how Jackson is going to defeat Slavin. The Britishers have a very high opinion of Jackson simply because they saw him at his best, and at that time he was a good one and no mistake.

But time has not dealt with Peter as it does with wine. Peter has not improved, and I question very much whether he could have beaten Slavin when he, Jackson, was at his best. But I still have a notion that strong efforts will be made to stop the contest in London.

Evan Lewis, "The Strangler," and John King, the Cornish champion, have been matched to wrestle a mixed match after much parleying. The articles of agreement are as follows:

We, the undersigned, Evan Lewis, of Barneveld, Wis., and John King, of Iron Mountain, Mich., agree to wrestle a five-style match, one fall each, catch-as-catch-can, Gracie-Roman, Cornish collar-and-elbow, and side hold, the one winning three falls to win the match. The match is to take place in Battery D, Chicago, on March 21, the men to be on the platform at 8:30 p. m. sharp, and the winner to receive 50 and the loser 20 per cent. of the net gate receipts. The referee is to be mutually agreed upon 21 hours before the match. It is further agreed that should Evan Lewis wish to make a side bet of \$500 said John King or his backer shall accept the same.

JOHN KING, For P. B. OSGOOD, EVAN LEWIS, For JAMES CONNORS, EVAN LEWIS, For CHARLES BONNER.

The next fight should be between Jim Hall and Fitzsimmons. Hall would win. He would reach Fitzsimmons with both hands, and a man that can land his hands on big Bob's body can whip him. The few blows Dempsey put there made him wince. Hall has the advantage of having faced and defeated Fitzsimmons, and would know where to go to work on him.

## STRONGER THAN SAMSON.

Lifting a Cart That Weighed a Ton—A Modern Hercules.

Liverpool, Eng., Paper.

Louis Cyr, who is a British subject, was born in St. Johns, Quebec, in 1863, and is consequently 28 years of age.

His grandfather on the maternal side, weighed over 23 stone, while his mother's weight is only a trifle under 19 stone. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock.

His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at 16 stone.

It was only natural Master Cyr when at school was master of all the lads. At the age of 14 there were very few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary.

His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was what should they make of this young Hercules? Well, ultimately it was decided that he should enter the police service.

He was about 17 at the time and his strength had increased in a marvelous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. He was sent to duty in the roughest and most disturbed district in Montreal. He made so many captures and quelled such a number of disturbances that he soon received a substantial recognition from the authorities. He was paid double salary and used to do the work of three.

Naturally he was not very popular among the roughs. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night, and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut about, and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now.

It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior stamina were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others he had picked up and dashed upon the ground, rendering him senseless. The other two he nipped round the waist until they screamed in agony.

He was just making off with the two he had captured, when the compassionately thought of the poor injured fellow on the ground. He therefore changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collars, picked up the senseless man with his right arm and threw him over his shoulder.

It must have been a curious sight to see his marvelous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the streets of Montreal on that dark night, the blood running down and high blinding him. He dropped the wounded man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut about, and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described he was left unmolested.

He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength. One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares, when a cart laden with bricks came to grief. The horses fell down, and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horses free from the harness. But what was to be done with the cart? There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that it be unloaded.

"Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Dismounting himself of his coat and handing his hat to somebody standing by, he crouched under the cart, pressing up with his great broad shoulders. The bricks, cart and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the sidewalk.

The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so as-

tonished that they had the whole lot weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100 pounds. That feat of strength determined his career.

He left the police and at once entered into the show business. By steady practice with the dumb-bells and proper training his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of today.

The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was a Captain Burst. On one occasion when in New Brunswick Burst offered to bet him \$200 that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the captain would.

"Done," said Cyr, and the money was put up.

This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships laying off where they were.

Now Burst was what you might call a "whopper." He stood 6 feet 7 inches, and, unlike by generalty of giants, he was a broad-shouldered, muscular individual.

So to the ship they repaired, with the stakeholder, referee and a few acquaintances. Aboard the vessel was an anchor weighing exactly 500 pounds. Burst picked up the little toy and placed it with apparently no more difficulty onto his shoulder. It remained there for about a minute, during which time the wonderment and applause was great. The anchor was then taken from his shoulder by six men and replaced upon the deck.

Then came Cyr's turn, and the betting was two to one against him. He had never attempted such a feat before. Yet, nothing daunted, he grasped the anchor, and, after a desperate struggle, managed to get it on to his shoulder. It was a near thing, however, and nothing like as easily done as by his opponent. Never mind, he got it there.

"Now," said Cyr to the captain, "just you get up and straddle across my shoulders." After some persuasion this he was induced to do, and Cyr, to the blank amazement of the crowd, especially his opponent, walked around the deck. This so astonished Burst that he shook him by the hand and said: "Well, now, you're the first man I've ever given best on that feat." And the \$200 were paid to Cyr.

There is only one man that he has met who was so pitiful and aggressive through jealousy of his superior powers. That was a man named Parker. Outside the hall where he was showing, the heavy dumb-bells were exhibited. Cyr offered to anybody who could lift with one hand the 25-pound weight \$50. Parker came along and said he could do it, but failed. He was so mad about it that he swore Cyr himself could not accomplish the feat. Of course Cyr laughed at him.

"Look here," he said, "I'll bet you \$50 that I'll put the weight up at arm's length over my head, right here on the spot." "Done," said Parker, and the money was accordingly put up. And so was the dumbbell, much to the surprise and annoyance of the incredulous aspirant.

He became so enraged that he was abusive, and after a wordy warfare, in which the weapons used were culled from anything but choice language, Parker struck Cyr. In an instant he was in the arms of the modern Hercules, who gave him a squeeze that made his ribs crack, then hurled him to the middle of the road. Crash he came down, and lay there until he was taken away to the hospital with an injury to his leg.

"And that's the only time," said Cyr, "that I ever came to blows and struggle since I took to exhibiting."

## MONARCHY IN DANGER.

From the New York Recorder.

MONARCHIAL Europe is at the present moment in a most peculiar condition. In almost every instance the dynasty is dependent on a single life, the loss of which would result in confusion and a possible disappearance of the national independence.

Since the death of Prince Baldwin of Belgium, his younger brother, Prince Albert, a delicate youth still in his teens, is the sole male heir to the crown, his father, the king's younger brother, having already resigned his claims to the succession. Should Prince Albert die, the Belgians would be driven either to declare a republic or else to elect some foreign prince as king, for the Salic law holds good in that little kingdom.

In Holland the independence of the country rests entirely upon the life of the extremely delicate and frail little Queen Wilhelmina, the next heir being the reigning duchess of Saxe-Weimar, whose accession would involve the de facto absorption of the kingdom by Germany.

Should the boy king of Serbia die—and several attempts have already been made to assassinate him—the Serbian kingdom would be left without any monarch, for he has no relative to succeed him.

Spain would doubtless be plunged into civil war once more if little King Alfonso were to disappear from the scene.

The heir of the Grand Duke of Baden is childless and afflicted with pulmonary disease.

The king of Wurtemberg has no children, and on his death his Protestant kingdom, now affiliated with Prussia, would pass into the hands of a Catholic whose entire military career has been spent in the Austrian army.

In England Prince George's life stands practically alone between that of his father and the accession to the crown of the Duchess of Fife, which latter would be sufficiently unpopular to bring about something very much akin to a revolution.

In Austria the succession to the crown will devolve upon the Archduke Francis, who is both sickly and stupid and who declines to marry. His younger brother, Otto, is a man whose entire life has been such that he can only be described as a positively dangerous lunatic.

The hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse is very much of an invalid, and should he die without marrying and leaving children, the grand duchy would be absorbed by Germany, for both of the brothers of the reigning grand duke are morganatically married and debarré from the succession.

## En Deshabille.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A Philadelphia friend of Maurice Barrymore who met me a few evenings ago in New York is telling a good story which adds to the long list of clever things which that talented actor is credited with saying.

"The party of gentlemen I was with had been discussing the recent tragedy at Cannes," he said, in telling the story, "and were growing tired of the subject, when Barrymore arrived on the scene. 'Well, let's hear what Barrymore has to say about it, and how,' remarked one of the party. 'About what?' asked Barrymore. 'Why, about the Abelle case,' was the reply. 'Ah,' remarked the actor, 'now I should call that the disabille case.'"

Two young women named Lowenstein, daughters of a prominent wholesale merchant in San Francisco, have taken up a claim between Hadlock and Port Ludlow, Wash. They have been on the land two years, have built a cabin, in which they live, and have cleared and grubbed 20 acres. Their nearest neighbor is four miles away.

John L. Blair, one of the founders of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, although 91 years of age, attended the annual meeting of that corporation on Wednesday.

## HIS WIFE'S MISCONDUCT

New Developments in the Owyhee County, Idaho, Tragedy.

## THE RANGES OF MONTANA

Are Growing Smaller On Account of Ranches—A Remarkable Discovery Made on St. Mary's Peak, Near Woodside.

A Boise City special to the *Spokane Spokesman* says: A new version of the Pritchard shooting in Owyhee county last Saturday comes to this place over the telephone to-night. It seems that while Pritchard was away attending to his duties as deputy marshal, rumor coupled the name of his wife with that of a certain man in that vicinity, with whom it is claimed she was too intimate. In proof of this it is alleged that there was found on Pritchard's person after he was killed a letter written to him by Mr. Cunningham stating that his wife had criminal relations with this man. This is what made Pritchard act like a madman. He shot at pictures on the wall and his wife took the pistol away from him. He then started down the road to meet his wife's paramour, when he was met by Fleming, who had no warrant for his arrest, and who shot him down. United States Marshal Pinkham says the killing of Pritchard was wholly unjustifiable. It also turns out that Pritchard had over \$12,000 insurance on his life. The matter is assuming a serious aspect for those concerned in his murder. Pritchard was a prominent Mason, and the Masonic order will see that full justice is done.

S. S. Hobson and J. H. Moe, cattlemen, capitalists and bankers at Lewistown, Mont., are at the Northern hotel on their way home from a trip to California. Mr. Hobson, who has been a resident of the state for twelve years, and who is one of the leading cattle raisers, was a member of the state constitutional convention in 1889. In the course of a conversation yesterday he said: "The ranges of Montana are growing smaller on account of the ranches, but I don't know that there are fewer cattle. Indeed the number may increase, for each farmer keeps his herd, and the aggregate of many small herds may be greater than that of the few larger herds. This last winter has been the best we have known. While the cold has killed cattle in nearly every part of the country, we have escaped scot free."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

During a recess of the city council not long ago, the matter of the bottomless well near Christopher, Wash., came up for discussion, says the *Slaughter Sun*. Mayor Mende said it had been computed by competent authority that a stone or heavy weight, dropped into space, travels at the rate of sixteen feet the first second, after that time it increases in velocity at the rate of sixteen feet every second. As sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second, the distance from the mouth of the hole to the bottom must therefore be thirteen miles, as it was two and one half minutes from the time the stone was dropped to the time it was heard to strike. Councilman Corbin, however, thought the distance must be fourteen miles according to his figuring.

John Fitzpatrick, a well-known old-timer, died in the hospital at Walla Walla, Wash., Tuesday, aged 77. Fitzpatrick was an old pioneer of the coast, having been associated with Fair and Flood in mining interests in California in early days. He came to the Northwest coast about 1890, and for many years was engaged in mining in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. About six years ago he began failing in health and went to Walla Walla and entered the hospital, where he resided until his death.

The famous Chief Sealth, of the middle tribe of the Spokanes, died Thursday in his tepee near Spokane. He saw and remembered Lewis and Clarke, the famous explorers, who passed through his country in 1805.

Rev. Mr. McCash and wife of Boisfort, Wash., have established their claims as heirs-at-law to property in Hyde Park, London, valued at \$2,500,000. The money has not yet been received.

Gus Munter is the first passenger to arrive in Spokane over the Great Northern. He took the cars as far as Kalispel, and walked the rest of the distance. The grade is mostly completed.

St. Mary's Peak.

A very remarkable discovery was made yesterday on Saint Mary's peak, about eight miles from Woodside, writes Joe Mulholland in the *Bitter Root Eagle*. Quite a number of ranch owners in the Bitter Root valley were having surveys made by Surveyor Jones of Corvallis. The entire party had occasion to go on top of St. Mary's peak to find the source of a stream that supplies numerous ditches in the valley. St. Mary's peak is at its summit 14,900 feet above the sea level. It is very difficult of ascent.

The surveying party and their invited guests consisted of Surveyor Jones, G. W. Gaughrity, Dr. Pope and Ezra Lancaster of Corvallis; Henry Wood, William Bourne, Louis Wood and Will Rummell of Woodside; Lyman Blodgett, John Leonard and Colonel Fowler of Riverside; William Toole, the noted scientist, Col. F. P. Dolan, Attorney R. A. O'Hara and Col. John E. Lynch of Hamilton; Hon. Henry Chambers and Col. W. P. Baker of Grapeland.

Imagine their great astonishment as they neared the apex to discover a monster ship in a gulch only about one hundred feet from the summit of the peak. By a careful measurement of Surveyor Jones it has been ascertained that the vessel is four thousand six hundred and forty-three feet long, and two hundred and twenty-nine feet wide. It is conceded by the discoverers that it cannot be anything else than "Noah's Ark," as it is of such large proportions, and added to this it is full of petrified animals and insects of all kinds. The ark is in an excellent state of preservation and must have drifted into the mountains of Montana at the time of the flood by the way of Behring Straits and through the Aluthean Islands from Asia, and at last found a resting place in the beautiful basin, where it has remained undisturbed and preserved by the pure air of Montana for about five thousand years. Noah evidently brought a surplus of animals to guard against the death of any of them during the long seige of the flood. There are three petrified elephants in the ark, four petrified horses, numerous cows, tigers, lions, etc., also

birds of all kinds of the most beautiful plumage imaginable. There is a beautiful white dove with a petrified olive branch in its mouth. Sixteen petrified people have thus far been found. Some are sitting in an upright position, others reclining on petrified beds. Noah and his conglomerated family evidently found a prehistoric race here who were probably hostile to him, considering that he was an invader, and it is the supposition of Wm. Toole, Hon. Henry Chambers and Attorney O'Hara that Noah found it necessary to seek safety in the ark, and that after the provisions were all exhausted that they all perished and petrified. Dolan, Mr. Bourne and Mr. Baker are of the opinion that it is undoubtedly the original ark, and that it was taken by pirates as it floated over the plains of Tartary; that Noah and his subjects were by supernatural means liberated and left on mount Ararat, at any rate it is worthy the attention and investigation of the entire scientific world. Great excitement prevails all over the Bitter Root valley over this very remarkable discovery.

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